

The Accüsed

"Festival Of Flesh"

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Slow rotting bodies
Taking over life
Old decrepit buildings
Eroding day and night
The smell of death
It burns my lungs
O the undead call me
To the Festival of Flesh

Pray and hope it finds me
Make it through the night
Decay is all around me
It's hard to bare the sight
Of rotting flesh
Teeth on bone
The feeling that you're all alone
O the undead call me
To the Festival of Flesh

O the undead call me
To the Festival of Flesh

Mindless bodies closing in
Feeding on my mortal skin
Taking all that's left to give
Now I've become one
Now I've become one
Now I've become one one of them!

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